

# Defense Committee Chair

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Part of being the Disciplinary Committee is to uphold rules to their fullest. They must keep the rules in line and make sure no one, in any circumstance, breaks these laws. However, Gamagoori has noticed that Mako has been in the club's sights for a long time courtesy of Matoi. He may go as far as breaking rules to protect her and reveal feelings he had long ago swallowed.

Status: complete

Published: 2014-02-16

Words: 2141

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Genre: Angst/Romance - Characters: [I. Gamagoori, Mako M.] - Reviews: 6 - Favs: 53 - Follows: 17

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10114847/1/Defense-Committee-Chair>

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[Introduction](#)

[Defense Committee Chair](#)

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***It's been too long since I wrote Iramako/Gamako! I feel better for doing this. Some finished Iramako after Katsucon (which was AMAZING) for all of you babies!***

***The prompt for this beautiful thing, courtesy of a Tumblr member, is: Gamagoori coming to Mako's rescue when other clubs try to use her as bait for Ryuuko.***

***Hehe... this was fun. I just may write another chapter because AMAZINGNESS. Enjoy~ (also, the cover is not mine, it belongs rightfully to ludwigplayingthetrombone on Tumblr)***

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Part of being the Disciplinary Committee is to uphold rules to their fullest and keep the student body at peace. They must keep the rules in line and make sure no one, in any circumstance, breaks these laws while on the grounds. They must keep those that are a danger to the student body as a whole under tight restrictions. They must protect the Inner Circle of Honnōji Academy when circumstances arise. They all serve under the Disciplinary Committee Chair Ira Gamagoori, who in turn serves under Student Council President Lady Satsuki Kiryūin. They are the fighting hand of Satsuki, and wield these rules like swords. Follow the rules, or suffer costly consequences.

One rule, however, eludes most. The rule to help any student in distress or trouble when off the Academy grounds. It applies to all situations the member deems as 'dangerous, life threatening, or in need of attention'. Although the rule was a quick addition to the security section of their rules, it was still there and there to be followed and used.

Ira Gamagoori has followed this rule to the point. He knows that rule probably better than most. He has used it on a few students stuck in a

fix, but his most memorable time was picking up sworn enemies Ryūko Matoi and Mako Mankanshoku. It was one of the most interesting and annoying drives he had even taken but it was one to remember. Mako's infectious outlook on life, her so-called 'yellow lights', got him thinking. Why couldn't he extend rules, such as helping students off campus, into the realms of the Academy itself? He found out his answer as he strolled through the Academy as usual, patrolling for any activity or nuances. Nothing unusual had so far happened besides breaking up pointless fights and stopping students from even thinking about breaking into One-Star housing for a stupid bet they made. He noticed it when he was looking over a few of the club's activities, making sure all was legal and not threatening the Academy's safety or security.

The Kendo Club, once Sanageyama's club child now abandoned to new management and Two-Star president that put it nowhere near a good light, was seeking revenge in the form of blackmail and bribery. They were among the clubs defeated by Matoi as she worked her way to challenging Lady Satsuki, and they were in no way ready to admit defeat. They wanted pure-blooded revenge against Matoi, but there was only one other person who held ties to Matoi close enough to provoke her.

They now had Mako at sword point, the metal tip of their blade ready to slice her to pieces. Not many knew how the Kendo club got the sword seeing as though Kendo used bamboo swords instead of katanas and metal blades. Mako squirmed until the hold of the club's larger members, exclaiming about how she was in yet another pinch by yet another club looking for Ryūko. Something in his chest hit him like a blade. Something about seeing her being used as bait hit him harder than before.

He had no logical explanation for the flutters in his chest, but he instantly knew what to do to make them stop. He had to free Mako from yet another attempt on her life for the sake of Matoi. He knew that causing an uproar over one student would send ripples in the school, possibly putting himself and Mako in even more danger than

they already were. He had to free her discreetly, with not a single mistake. He had to find the right window. He continued a lax but tight pace, eyeing the group ever so often as the curve of the school walkways pushed him closer to the club. Mako's words came cleared to his ears, as well as the club's own responses.

"Why do I always have to be the one used as bait?" Mako asked, trying to avoid movement as blades came closer to her from all sides, as well as bamboo swords.

"Shut up No-Star! Your so-called friendship with Matoi makes you invaluable!"

"But why do you have to always use me? There are others who are close to her!"

"I said SHUT UP!" A member of the club slammed down his sword, sending up dirt and a wave of sharp sound to warn Mako of the next move. They would hurt her next. A few members who wielded their katanas tapped their grips in a way that portrayed their want to use them. Some sneered at her, slamming down their weapons to intimidate her. She did not flinch, but kept her ground. Another sword slammed down hard near her feet, and she stepped back.

They were getting jumpy to actually hit her.

Gamagoori would not let that happen.

As he grew closer, the club members slipped up in surrounding her, relaxing as they heard the rumor of Ryūko coming soon. The metal swords backed away. She had no one watching her from behind. A perfect opportunity and a disgusting mistake for the club, showing once again the club would never return to its glory. Gamagoori cut across the small distance of the plaza to come up behind Mako quietly and tapped her, signalling her to stay silent with a finger pressed against his lips. Mako looked surprised that her savior was an Elite Four, and Gamagoori for a fact, but nonetheless took the help and slipped away with Gamagoori. They made quick haste to

get away from the cub, Mako shielded from sight as Gamagoori blocked any visual on her. They slipped into the abandoned area behind the buildings, giving Mako time to collect herself.

"Thank you Gamagoori sir for getting me out of there! I thought they were going to stab me!" Mako cheered.

She brushed the dust off her uniform, tugging it down and adjusting her top. Gamagoori suddenly felt out of his skin, away from his true self. Gamagoori suddenly was moving on an uncontrollable impulse, on an instinct that he did not know he had. His hand moved on their own to softly cup Mako's head. She instantly flushed at it, yet Gamagoori seemed to be unfazed by it.

"I couldn't watch you get beat up again for the sake of Matoi" Gamagoori told her. Mako gasped softly. Gamagoori did not say anything else, but kept her hand cupped around her face. His eyes never broke contact with hers, sending shivers through Mako. Gamagoori came back to his senses, however, and immediately realized what he was doing. A blush more brighter than Mako's slapped on to his face, and he quickly removed his hand, turning until he was sideways to Mako, ready to flee.

"J-just be more careful Mankanshoku! You can not rely on Matoi for rescuing you every time! Now get back to class!"

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Mako sat slumped on top of her desk, resting on top of her empty secondary lunch box. She couldn't keep her thoughts straight or even connected to the lesson droning on. She couldn't even look at Ryūko who was simply zoning out while looking like she was somewhat interested. She couldn't stop thinking about her rescue. It seemed like it was a dream sequence, it seemed so impossible. She knew she was going to be in trouble with the club, already ready to be rescued by Ryūko. She did not expect to anger them however and did not expect to have Gamagoori come up to rescue her. He was low on her list of people she expected to help her in a pinch, or

even show emotion toward her. She knew respect was given, but genuine concern?

Her mind was still trying to wrap around his moment of weakness with her!

"Mako, are you okay?" Ryūko asked, poking at her arm. Mako jolted up with a sharp squeak, but didn't even get attention from the teacher who had fallen asleep.

"Y-yep, I'm all good!" Mako answered, shaking her head of the cobwebs built up from thinking about Gamagoori- oh no, they're back! She set her head down again and fell asleep as quick as usual, drowning out Ryūko's protests to it. She was tiring herself out from thinking too much on Gamagoori and his previous actions. It didn't seem normal for Gamagoori to go out of his way in the middle of his duties to help her.

What was going on with Gamagoori?

She couldn't figure it out even as she walked out on to the school campus, groaning about her sudden headache returning. She just could not figure out her feelings now. The way Gamagoori had held her head...

She felt something connect with the back of her head, and pain blossomed across her skull. Her head shrieked as the pain traveled through her, ripping a scream from her throat, only to have it choked down as her attackers locked down her mouth. She felt herself fall to the ground with momentum she did not remember having, sending even more pain to ride through her body. She felt rude, unwelcome hands grope for spots. She blacked out from the pain as she started to feel what felt like rope being tied around her.. She let the world swim in the sea of unconsciousness.

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Gamagoori did not expect to see Mako again the arms of a club, but there they were running across the campus with a bound Mako in

their arms, trying to hide her from view. His reaction was instant, his feet moving before his mind said stop. Even when his rules came to mind and his conduct yanked at him, he did not stop moving. He was sprinting toward them, his thoughts and eyes trained on Mako. It was Mako's safety. Mako's well-being.

His feelings for Mako took over everything he stood for.

The club didn't notice him until his scream of 'Stop!' ripped from his throat like a roar. They could only screech in complete immobilizing terror as Gamagoori rammed the conglomerate of club members, making it look like a strike in club bowling. Members fell from heights that left them bruised, bloodied and in a rare case dead. Those that somehow got missed stared at the display for a moment before bailing and running for their lives. It left Gamagoori alone in the now deserted campus, with Mako pressed up in his arms.

She was scraped up and bleeding, but she was free. Her knees were torn up badly, leaving trails of semi-dried blood in its wake. Miscellaneous cuts and scratches littered her body. The back of her head was bloodied and most likely bruised. Her binds were to pieces, the obliterated rope scattered around her and Gamagoori. Her breathing was labored but it was there, giving Gamagoori comfort for just a moment. He could feel her arms weave themselves around his neck.

There he knelt in the dirt, with his arms around Mako Mankanshoku and his head buried in her shoulder.

She stirred, shivering suddenly before her breath returned to normal, her chest rising and falling normally. Gamagoori looked up as she suddenly drew her legs in closer to him. She groaned weakly before looking up slowly, moving herself to get a greater angle to look at her savior. The moment her eyes locked to Gamagoori's, the moment he saw what was finally being shown in her eyes, the truth behind his long forgotten feelings finally shown to him...

"... Gamagoori?"



... he knew he had to protect her. He had to protect her no matter what the cost. He brought her closer, more upright so he could truly rest his head on her shoulder. He tightened his arms around her.

He knew from now on her protection was in his hands. These outrageous clubs would not touch a single strand of hair on her head ever again.

"I'm sorry you got hurt, Mankanshoku"

"W-what?"

"It won't happen again. I won't allow it. I will keep the clubs off of you for good"

Mako sighed in relief. The truth has come to light at last, her questions answered.

"Thank you Gamagoori, for saving me"